EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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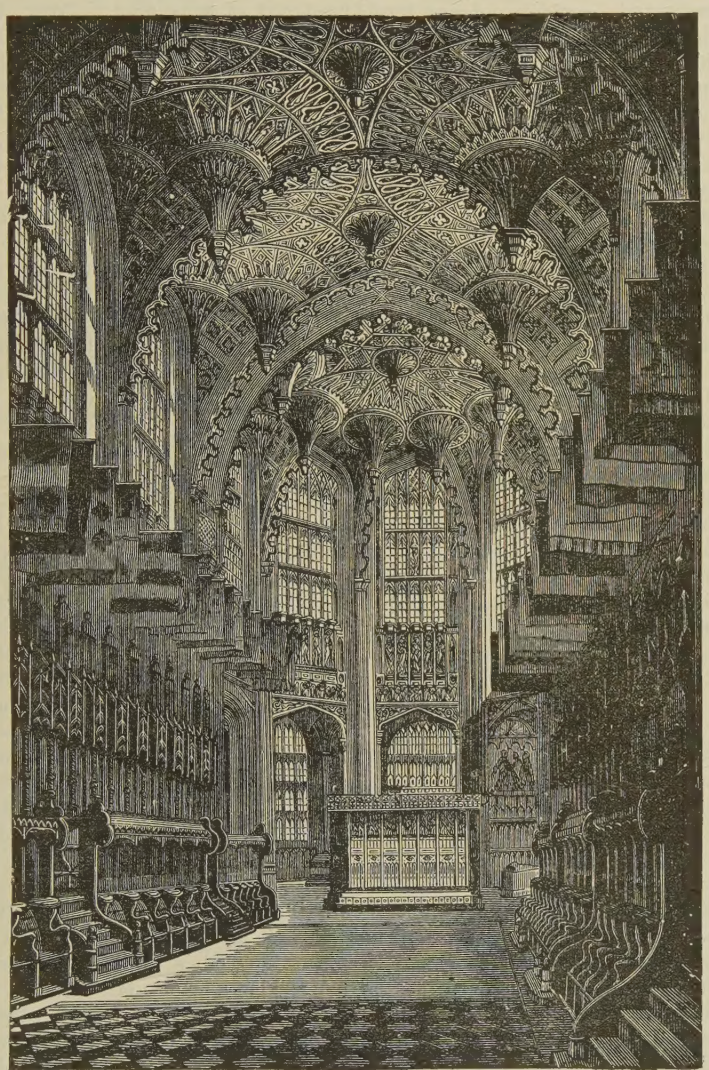
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



OUR picture shows us the finest part of London's famous abbey-church, — the interior of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. This superb chapel was built in the early years of the sixteenth century, at the time when the long bloodshed of the civil wars ended. The houses of Lancaster and York were united, and the rose decorations on the brass-covered gates of the chapel allude to this happy union.

Look down the broad aisle, or "nave," in the picture, and observe first the carved seats in dark oak which rise on either side. This part of the chapel is called the "choir," and the seats, or "stalls," are appropriated to the Knights of the Order of the Bath. Above each seat hang a sword and banner.

BUT now look aloft. Let your eye follow on the left wall, above the banners of the Knights, to the windows with their almost numberless little panes, to the wonderful ceiling overhead. How "rich and rare" is all this adorning of the fretted roof! The architects call it "fan-tracery;" and Washington Irving said it has "the airy security of a *cobweb*." But think for a moment of such a large cobweb as this all made of stone! Think of the cunning hand of those builders who could poise aloft all these rich stone hangings, and make them as secure as if a race of spider-genii had spun here their interlacing webs!

I WONDER if any of you can think of the lesson which the splendid ceiling of this chapel teaches us, — a "sermon in stones"? In a charming little book which I wish you might all read, Miss Rose Kingsley's "Children of Westminster Abbey," the writer tells us that the vast structure holds together because every block depends on the block that is next to it, and each smallest block is perfect in its place. "It is a fit type of the noble strength of perfect unity. For, so say the masons, if one stone were to give way, if one pendant [one of the hanging ornaments] were to fall, the whole roof would collapse." Do we not read in the New Testament that "we are every one members one of another"? And do you not think that if we human beings were each one perfect in his place, and if we did our part in holding up those who are next to us, this world of ours might become as beautiful and as strong as this chapel-roof in old Westminster Abbey?

IF we will let Miss Kingsley be our guide, — and she tells us she has often guided American children through the Abbey, — we may go with her "for a wander about the roofs." Perhaps some of you have climbed up into a church-belfry, or "steeple," and have seen the vast and dim spaces that lie between the covered ceiling of the church and the pitch-roof above. But when you get above the ceiling of Westminster Abbey, you find yourself first in a "grand gallery twenty feet wide, lighted at many points by rose windows in the outer walls." As you continue your walk, you go under the painted-glass windows that, seen from below, looked like shining jewels, till at length you are on the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

HERE a novel sensation comes to the visitor, — a whirr and a rush of wings. He has startled some of the flocks of pigeons who live up in the roofs of the Abbey. "Hundreds of them congregate here, and get their living down in the great restless city below." Miss Kingsley tells us she has "often watched a rough, gruff 'cabby' in the palace yard fetch a pailful of water and set it down near his hansom for the pretty birds, who flutter fearlessly, bridling and cooing, on to the edge and dip their pink bills in the cool water, and then hop down and peck up the oats the cab-horse has dropped from his nose-bag." As we read about these pigeons, we think of the "doves of St. Mark's" in Venice; or perhaps we recall what the Hebrew Psalmist sang of the sparrow that found a house and the swallow that built a nest for herself and her young even on the altars of the House of God. I am sorry to have to add that the dear Abbey pigeons on the chapel roofs have a hard time of it; for these roofs are infested by a breed of fierce, half-wild cats, who make the gentle birds their prey.

THE exterior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel is shown us in the small cut on page 47. We see there the towers and buttresses and upper windows of the chapel, and the walls and roof of the north transept of the Abbey. But our interest in this unrivalled chapel will not be confined to its architecture. The chapel contains some famous tombs and monuments. In all, the chapel contains nearly a thousand statues and figures. We linger longest at the monument of Queen Elizabeth in the north aisle, and are touched to find that her sister, "Bloody Mary," was buried in the same grave with "Queen Bess."

SUCH A QUEER DOG'S-DINNER!

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

A BOY stood looking out upon the Atlantic that tipped a rocky point at the right with a plume of white foam. "How it froths!" he exclaimed.

"Froths?" replied a voice behind the boy, "I guess it does. The tide runs strong out there; and where the eddy meets it there at Nor'reast Pint, look out for your crock'ry, Dan!"

"And she hollers, too, Mule," replied Dan.

"Hollers? That 's so, sure 's my name is Lemuel."

Mule's name was Lemuel Johnson, in full. He had cold, expressionless, fishy eyes, lantern jaws, and a frame made up in general of crooks and corners. He had singular facility in the art of kicking; and with true boy-sagacity his mates had squeezed down "Lemuel" to "Mule," and so titled him. The name stuck like a dip from a glue-pot.

"Hollers?" continued Mule. "You see there have been as many wrecks off that pint as you can count on your fingers, jest in my day; and they say the folks wrecked there keep up a-hollerin'. Can't you hear 'em? Jest hearken! Booh-h-h!"

Mule turned toward Dan those cold, fishy eyes, in whose depths now gleamed a solemn, mischievous wink.

"I don't hear 'em," said the practical Dan.

The beach-road in which they stood started down on the sands, but only lived long enough to make a short crook, and ended its existence in the highway that stretched past the schoolhouse in "Deestrick Three." Back of the schoolhouse was a sandy tract to which the wind took its longest broom, faithfully sweeping it every hour.

"What 's that?" asked Dan, pointing at bunches of brown, withered growth dotting the sand.

"Dog's-dinner."

"'Dog's-dinner'? That 's queer."

"That 's what we call it. It makes splendid bonfires."

"Bonfires?"

"Yes. Want one?"

"Yes," replied Dan, eagerly.

"Wall, this noon we 'll have one."

Dan Hallett was a new arrival on Cape Cod. Coming from an inland town the novelty of the sea fascinated and sometimes awed him. It was so vast; it had such a grand organ-roar; its aspect was so changing, — to-day so violent, cruel, one shivering mass of green waves and white foam, all tumbling and crashing, and to-morrow so placid, gentle, flushed with a sunset splendor.

Daniel had come to live with Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree, who were to board him, clothe him, and send him to school in return for any number and any kind of "chores." Daniel and Grandmother Hallett were two members of a firm whose special business was to fight that bony wolf, Poverty. "I can help you a lot more, grandmother," said Dan, "if I have some more schooling; and I can't seem to get it here without making it cost you a good deal."

So to Benaiah and Susan Crabtree, down on Cape Cod, went Dan. With him went memories of quiet, worshipful Sundays at grandmother's; of hours with the old family Bible, stocked with pictures; of low, whispered prayers; of certain maxims, shaped after grandmother's quaint fashion. Some of the latter were: "Don't yer fear nothin' save yer sins;" "Don't lie with yer tongue to save the rest of yer skin;" "Don't git in the light of yer own winder;" "Be marciful if ye want marcy."

At the Cape Daniel went at once to school. He liked his school because he liked his teacher, Miss Carrie Abbott. She was a little thing, but she had the air of a queen in school, and made the boys mind. Then, as Dan thought, she had such eyes! They seemed deep as the sea, and beautiful as that sea when the moonlight sparkled in it. She lived, too, at the house of great Judge Freeman! What he had been judge of, — a police court in a factory town or the great supreme court of the State, — nobody seemed to know. Years ago he came to reside in town, bringing with him a title sounding like the sea, a newly varnished coach, and a span of grays. Though coming as Judge, he had reigned as King ever since. The atmosphere of the palace-home of this king Carrie Abbott actually breathed. Dan's lively imagination encompassed her with the surroundings of Olympus. He would have stood on his head a week (tried it, at least) for one smile out of teacher's sweet, deep, sea-bright eyes. Teacher did not know it. She only knew him as a self-reliant little fellow, — a stranger who might turn out to be human refuse carted from the city into the country by somebody, or a cherub in disguise. If red hair and moth-shaded freckles will make one a cherub, then Dan was very much of a cherub. Miss Abbott pitied Dan because tied down to service at the Crabtrees. These two sour souls enjoyed a sweet comfort in continually exalting themselves by running Daniel down. By the side of this mean little humanity, how great they seemed!

"If I ever!" exclaimed Susan Crabtree. "If I ever seed sich a boy! I never did sich things." No, indeed! She was not smart enough.

"Susan," said Benaiah, "that boy is the most wastefullest thing! Ketch me wastin' so!" The stingy soul! He never was guilty of the generosity he called waste.

Susan and Benaiah were in continual battle until Dan came, and then they made peace that they might bombard him.

"I do pity that little boy at the Crabtrees!" said Miss Carrie Abbott to Judge Freeman.

"At the Crabtrees?"

"Yes. He does their errands. They are forever pecking at him."

"Humph!" said the Judge. "He does deserve pity if he lives in that crows' nest."

Dan that noon, though, did not look as if he cared a crow's pin-feather for anybody's pity. He and Mule had such fun making a bonfire of Dog's-dinners!

"Pile her on!" shouted Mule, with hands in his pockets, contentedly bossing the job.

"Aye, aye!" replied Dan, rushing about zealously and pulling up the old, withered growth. How that stuff did burn! Like a bird trying to rise and on great golden wings beat its way toward the sky, the flames swayed to and fro. Such a noisy fire, too! as if many, many little moans and chuckles and laughs from the sea had been imprisoned in the dead stalks, and now with golden keys the fire-sprite let them out.

"Dog's-dinner!" said Dan. "It makes a queer dinner for a dog."

"It would make a good mouthful for the chimney of the schoolhouse," said Mule, in suppressed tones.

"What?" asked Dan.

Mule made no reply, but puckering up his thin, twisted lips, began to whistle piously, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Then while Dan was gathering fuel at a distance, he grabbed a quantity of it in his neighborhood and quickly stuffed it under his coat.

"O Dan!" he shouted.

"What, Mule?"

"Did you ever see 'Nor'reast Pint' from the roof of the schoolhouse?"

"No. Can you see it better up there?"

"Oh, it 's nothin' down here!" said Mule, disdainfully. "Come. There 's time for it before school."

The two boys were soon perched on the schoolhouse roof, gaining access to it by passing over the lower roof of an adjoining wood-shed.

"There," said Mule. "Look at the Pint now. Take a good long look at it. Now 's yer chance! Never agin, you know, nev-ver-no-nev-er!"

While Daniel on the roof was looking off, Mule in the rear was leaning against the old brick chimney, quietly but hastily stuffing down its voracious throat a good-sized meal, though only a Dog's-dinner.

"Duck, Dan, duck! If there is n't the teacher!" called out Mule; and Mule's guilty head went down as if shot, for he knew the teacher had forbidden roof-climbing. Daniel, though, was too honest to hide, and he was too ignorant to know why anybody should hide. As a new-comer, he was ignorant of all rules about roofs. Miss Abbott chanced to look up, and there was a boy serenely looking over the ridge-pole. "What boy is it disobeying me?" she thought. The queen's eyes did not look a bit "heavenly." "Squall is coming!" those eyes like the sea were saying.

"Whew!" soon exclaimed Mule. "If there is n't the bell! School-time!"

Tinkle-tinkle-*tink-kle!*

Down he dropped like a squirrel. Dan came in a heap after Mule.

"Dan, it 's agin the rule to go up there. Don't you tell on me. If you do," said this master of the art of kicking, "you shall have a second edition of this;" and he administered an ugly kick. Then he rushed into the schoolhouse; but how changed his appearance! He advanced to the teacher's desk, his face twisted into an expression of distress and supported by an unusually dirty fist.

"O teacher, I 've got an awful ache. May I be scused?"

"If it is a real necessity."

"It is, ow-ow-ow!"

The scholars began to laugh.

"It is a-a nest-i-ty-ty, ow-ow-ow!"

The scholars were now laughing so violently that the teacher was relieved to have this victim of a sudden toothache leave for home. By the time Mule reached home — or the street, rather — the ache had disappeared.

"I should think that Mule had given his toothache to the stove," thought Miss Abbott. "What makes it smoke?"

In a few minutes, how it did smoke! and the scholars were only too happy to have an unusual opportunity to cough and sneeze, then sneeze and cough again.

"What is the matter with the chimney?" asked the teacher, a big "squall" darkening rapidly those beautiful eyes. "Jotham Atwood, you go out and see what the matter is with the chimney."

"Something must be in it," reported Jotham on his return; adding, with a grin, "It 's aginst the rule to go up, and I did n't go up."

"You go up quick as you can climb and take out what you find in the chimney. You can't deceive me," said the queen, more "squalls" than one darkening her handsome eyes. "Open the door and windows."

Jotham cleared out the chimney, reporting that some Dog's-dinner was in it, and the school-room was soon clear of smoke.

"Now we will have an investigation," sternly said the queen. "Somebody — I could n't see just whom — has been on the roof, and has been pulling and burning Dog's-dinner."

Dan, who was still aching and angry over Mule's parting kick, felt as if lightning-expresses in two directions were rushing toward him. Who had been on the roof, and who had been pulling and burning Dog's-dinner? Dan, though, saw this also, — that the teacher did not know *who* had been on the roof, or *who* had been pulling Dog's-dinner. "Say 'No,' when teacher asks you, and you're safe," advised a mean, cowardly spirit within. But Dan heard a louder voice, and that was grandmother's, though away off; and she said, "Don't lie with yer tongue to save the rest of yer skin."

"Did you pull or burn any Dog's-dinner to-day, Daniel?" the teacher was asking.

"Yes, marm," said Daniel, promptly.

"Did you climb the roof?"

"Yes, marm."

The queen showed such a grieved face. "Why, Daniel, I am astonished. Are not you?"

Daniel, though, did not hang his head.

"Did you put any Dog's-dinner down the chimney?"

"No, marm."

"Daniel, you come here."

Then those eyes, so terrible now, seemed to look him through and through.

"Did you?"

"No, marm," he said indignantly.

"Well, you broke my rule by climbing up the roof. You may go into the closet."

He was about rejoining that he did not know of the rule, when suddenly the greatest man on the Cape and in America entered the school-room, — Judge Freeman! As he came in, Dan went into the wood-closet, awed by the presence of the Judge, grieved at the course of a teacher he would not knowingly have disobeyed, and mad with Mule, whom Dan now suspected to be the culprit wanted. If great Daniel, the prophet, was shut up with lions, our little Daniel, shut up with Awe, Grief, and Anger, felt that he was among lions also. But while great Daniel had a liberator in his king, our Daniel's queen did not come near him. Indeed, Miss Abbott forgot all about the prisoner in the wood-closet.

He was so indignant he did not care whether she came near him or not. "I'll stay here all night just to spite her," he said. "And what if she should come here in the morning and find me dead! Won't she feel bad then?"

Soon the school-room was so still that Dan could hear the clock on the wall go "tick-tick," then "tick-tick," and finally "tick-tick" again. Dan roosted up on the wood-pile and tried to pass away the time by counting five hundred, and then by bounding the States in the Union. Finally he opened the door and looked out into the school-room. The last of the daylight was stealing out of the windows and retreating also from all of Cape Cod.

"Don't git in the light of yer own winder," said a voice.

Dan started. Was that grandmother? What does she mean?

"She means 'Go home,'" thought Dan. "I must not make a fool of myself and stay here. Well, I'll do the sensible thing and go home."

He neared a window, and was about to raise it, when suddenly he heard voices outside.

"Folks are going down the path that leads to the pier," thought Dan.

"Well, if you think you can go over in your boat, all right. You might notify Turnkey to come in the morning and hunt the boy up."

"That's Benaiah Crabtree," thought Dan.

"Oh, I can git across well enough, for 't aint rough on the harbor. I knewed he 'd run away after that fuss in the schoolhouse."

"That's Mule," thought Dan. "What's up now?"

The voices died away, and once more only the clock could be heard saying, "Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick." Dan sat in the darkness, busily thinking.

"I'm the boy they want. They think I have run away, and the police is coming in the morning to hunt me up. Whew! Guess I'll surprise 'em."

Dan raised a window and leaped out. As he moved along in the dark, he finally stepped into a soft heap.

"That's where the fire was, I guess," said Dan.

Then he felt something wet and chilly on his hand. Turning his face up toward the sky, several damp missiles softly peppered him.

"Snow!" exclaimed Dan. "Why, I believe I'm losing sight of the lighthouse at the harbor's mouth. Yes, there it goes."

As he trudged along he noticed how loud the sea was roaring. He thought, too, of the stories of people bewildered by snow-storms at sea, that he had heard.

"I wonder how that Mule is getting along," thought Dan. "Hark! Are those the voices of people wrecked off Nor'reast Pint that I hear? Nonsense!"

And yet he continued to hear them, he fancied. Was that Mule's voice shouting for help? Nonsense again! But would n't it be nice if Mule should be caught in the storm!

"Hold on, Dan! If Mule really were bothered out there, would you help him?"

Was it grandmother saying this?

"Be marciful if ye want marcy."

What was grandmother up to?

"Look here, Dan! Truly, would n't you help him?" asked grandmother, or else the better nature within him.

"Why — why," said Dan, "if I thought he was in real danger I s'pose I 'd help. I would n't see even a dog drown."

"Well, he's probably caught in the snow. Make a pile of Dog's-dinner for him, and touch her off."

"I'd light one handful for him;" and Dan, scratching a match that was in his pocket, set on fire "one handful" he had felt after and plucked.

"Light two handfuls."

"Light three handfuls."

At last a cheery bonfire was blazing on the sandy soil. He was running about, pulling bunches of Dog's-dinner, when he heard a voice saying, "Why, Dan!"

He stopped, and turning, saw the form of a man, and near him was a woman. It was the latter that called. He looked up, and there were the beautiful eyes of teacher!

"You poor little fellow! Judge Freeman and I've been trying to hunt you up. We have just come from the schoolhouse. It was a shame to

(*Continued on page* 46.)

History and Biography.

BEDE.

BY MRS. ANNIE DARLING.

WHILE the poet Cædmon was writing his "Paraphrase of the Scriptures" in the quiet convent on the coast of Yorkshire (Cædmon died about 680 A.D.), a little feeble infant came to dwell among men, in the town of Malmsbury, England. Like other babies, he grew and waxed strong in his baby strength; and as years went on soon took his place shoulder to shoulder with his fellow-men in the battle of life. This child became "the venerable Bede," who, just as Cædmon had headed the long line of English poets, took his place as leader of the prose writers.

When Bede had reached the age of seven he attended the Monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, and three years later removed to that of St. Paul at Jarrow. Being of studious, quiet habits, he early began to employ his pen for the advancement of knowledge and the uplifting of the souls of men. He arranged the teachings of the early Fathers of the Church in such form as to be intelligible to the men of his day, and gathered together from dry and ancient volumes the facts of science into a text-book called "The Nature of Things." But in his fifty-ninth year came the most valuable of all his works, — his "Ecclesiastical History." Although a history of the Church, it was also a history of England down to the date of the completion of the work, full of spirit, and permeated with that love to God and man which so characterized the whole life of this simple, earnest, child-like writer.

During his last illness Bede was endeavoring to complete a translation of the Gospel of St. John. The work had reached within one chapter of its completion, when one of Bede's pupils, who was acting as his amanuensis, seeing that his master had almost gone, said, —

"Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting. Do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?"

The answer came from the dying lips: "It is no trouble. Take your pen and make ready, and write fast."

At length his pupil said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written."

The reply came faintly: "Write quickly."

A short time after, the young man again spoke: "The sentence is now written."

Bede answered, "It is well. You have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands; for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also, sitting, call upon my Father."

And thus on the cold pavement of his cell, faintly singing the words of an ancient doxology, this great man passed away.

The work was finished; the good news of the Gospel of Peace was sent forth, translated into the English tongue, for the use of the unlearned and the ignorant, and given to the world with the latest breath of one who, in obedience to the words of a greater Master than himself, had obeyed the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

PRESS on, press on! through toil and woe;
With calm resolve to triumph go,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Our Letter-Box.

We do not yet hear from Master Allen or any of our other readers about the great event which took place while Washington was at Newburg. Is no one going to tell us? We should also like to hear from every one — teacher or scholar — who has used the Bible Questions given in this department. Those that will follow now, written upon the people whom the Israelites found occupying the land of Canaan when they reached it, will be found both instructive and interesting.

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 74 letters.

My 11, 2, 5, 37, 8, 30, is a much-used mineral.

My 13, 48, 15, 45, 16, 17, 20, are best known in time of need.

My 30, 9, 7, 29, 28, 40, is a dance.

My 28, 50, 23, 3, 4, 58, 46, 48, is a well-known American poet.

My 39, 47, 62, 72, 39, 60, 24, was the founder and prophet of a great religion.

My 21, 6, 54, 51, 69, is the town which witnessed the overthrow of the last of the Bonapartes.

My 64, 40, 15, 48, is woman's crowning beauty.

My 68, 22, 39, is a tree.

My 28, 66, 26, 14, is a verb signifying one way to take exercise.

My 10, 12, 35, 57, is a child's plaything.

My 30, 36, 32, 74, is a flower.

My 57, 19, 39, 33, 18, is a fruit that grows in warm climates.

My 31, 27, 71, 43, is what one always wishes to pay.

My 41, 58, 52, 10, is an adjective.

My 34, 38, 53, 57, is a verb signifying to touch.

My 70, 28, 70, 59, 55, is what you do in the morning.

My 49, 63, 56, is a number.

My 67, 70, 21, 60, is an article of ornament, sometimes used to hold flowers.

My 71, 48, 66, 73, 65, is what all soldiers should be.

My 44, 12, 20, 6, is a very important part of a fire-engine.

My 1, 65, 61, 25, 42, 48, is what the editor of Every Other Sunday wants us all to send him.

My whole is one verse of a well-known child's hymn.

N. C. Sargent, 11 years old.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 2, 12, 12, 9, is a boy's name.

My 3, 7, 2, 12, is a fruit.

My 6, 10, 11, 12, is not far.

My 4, 7, 8, you will find in church.

My 1, 2, 5, is food for horses.

My whole is what I hope we may all have.

Mabelle Hollely.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ACROSTIC II.

1. The prophet who restored the widow's son to life.
2. The home of Timotheus, the fellow-missionary of Paul.
3. The prophet from whose writings the Jews gathered their greatest hope of the Messiah they look for.
4. The captain of the army of the Canaanites which was defeated by Barak, whom Deborah, the prophetess, summoned to the deliverance of the Israelites.
5. A city of Judah, — one of the oldest in the world, — where Abraham was buried.
6. A Jew with whom Paul wrought at their common trade of tent-making in Corinth, to which they had fled from Rome.

Answer: The attendant and disciple of Elijah.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

6. The last supper of Jesus with his disciples, his crucifixion and resurrection. (Matthew xxvi. 17, to the end of the Gospel.)
7. Easter.
8. See Acts xii. 1 to 6.
9. See Acts ii., whole chapter.
10. See John vii.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 4.

New Testament Enigma: "Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory."

Enigma V.: Temperance.

Square Word:

N O A H
O C T O
A T O M
H O M E

For Youngest Readers.

TROT'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

TROT woke on Thanksgiving morning, bright as a sunbeam, happy as a bird, and more important than the President or Queen Victoria, a great deal. For one thing, it was Thanksgiving. Then it was a beautiful day, with just enough snow on the ground to make the sleigh-runners glide along well. Trot was going to grandma's to dinner, with papa and mamma and all the cousins. And last, not least, Trot herself had a basket to carry to grandma, — a pretty little covered straw basket; and in the basket was something very important indeed, — Trot's first present to grandma.

You never could guess what this present was; so you must know that Trot owned a beautiful white hen. Grandma had given Snowball, when she was a tiny chick, to Trot; and Trot honestly thought she had taken care of her ever since. But if some of the grown folks had not looked after Snowball she would have been without a great many of her breakfasts and suppers.

Something very nice had happened: Snowball had laid an egg, — a plump white egg. In the basket, on pink cotton, lay this egg, to be given to grandma; and Trot firmly believed all grandma's plum pudding and pumpkin pies were to be made from it. It was to be the chief joy and glory of the Thanksgiving feast.

Not a very wise little girl, you think; but Trot was only three years old.

Soon after breakfast Trot was wrapped up till just her bright eyes peeped out from her blue hood, and she and her basket were packed into the sleigh between mamma and Gracie, while Fred and Bertie took the front seat with papa. Bay Charlie shook his bells and pawed the light snow away from his forefeet. He had been given more oats than usual for his Thanksgiving breakfast, and felt very eager to be off.

The ride of five or six miles was very pleasant; and grandma, old lady though she was, stood in the porch, with a little blue shawl over her shoulders, waiting to welcome them. She was pleased enough with the egg to satisfy Trot, and the basket was set carefully away in her room, which opened from the parlor.

Trot and her little cousins had a merry play till dinner-time, for grandma kept toys and picture-books to amuse them when they came to see her.

Of course she had turkey and plum pudding and pie for dinner, and grandma gave her besides a large orange and two red apples to carry home.

"Where 's my bastit, ganma?" she asked, when it was time to get ready to go.

"On the light-stand in my room, dear," grandma answered.

Trot went into the bedroom.

"O mamma! ganma! Gacie! tum kick!" she shouted. "See what 's in my bastit! Oh, the dear little kitty! Mamma, there 's the sweetest little kitty hatched out of Snowball's egg!"

Trot had quite forgotten that she was going to have the plum pudding and pumpkin pies made from this one egg. There in the basket, sure enough, was a beautiful little kitten, with soft, silvery gray fur, white paws and face. She was curled into a round ball, fast asleep.

Trot had been told that little birds and chickens were hatched from eggs, and she had seen a mother-bird sitting in her nest. She really thought the kitten was hatched, as she said.

How do *you* think kitty came there?

The egg had been safely laid away in a saucer in the pantry for grandma's breakfast next morning. Muff, the gray cat, had that very day brought her two kittens in from the barn.

"To keep Thanksgiving," grandma said, and let them stay.

One little kitty, in strolling about, espied the pretty basket with the soft pink bed inside, jumped in, and curled down for a nap.

But grandma did not tell Trot this. She only told her she would give her the kitten for her own if mamma were willing.

Mamma was willing, and Trot's joy was complete. Kitty went home in the basket, and Trot said, "It was the very nicest T'anksdivin' Trot ever had!"

God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

A HOME SCENE IN GERMANY.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE RUBY-THROAT HUMMING-BIRD.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

NEARLY every one will remember having seen this "glimpse of brightness" gathering its food from the blossoms of plants in yard or garden; or, perhaps, even entering the house to thrust its long delicate bill deep down into the cup of some specially tempting cut-flower within. Its back is golden-green, running into golden-red toward the neck; its wings and tail are purplish-brown, while underneath the body its plumage is pure white. The tint of the throat is ruby, but it varies with the little creature's every movement, passing from deepest black through every shade of red and green, sometimes glowing like a coal of fire as it catches the rays of the sun.

It may be that the Ruby-throat is made bold by his swiftness of wing, but he is a most pugnacious little fellow, and his courage is fairly marvellous. He has no fear of larger birds. With his bright little eyes he will spy out a martin or bluebird fifty or sixty yards away, and darting directly toward it will reach it before being seen. No bird seems capable of resisting his attacks. He escapes easily from hawk or owl, when he does not see fit to attack them. It is said that he will even attack the eagle itself — striking at its eyes with his needle-shaped bill — when that kingly marauder ventures too near his nest. In Cecil's "Birds" there is an account of one which was seen perched upon the head of a bald eagle pecking away most viciously, tearing out the white feathers of the great bird, which meantime was rushing with loud screams through the air, utterly unable to free itself from its little foe.

The nest of the Ruby-throat is pretty and curious, but it is not easily found. It is generally fixed upon the upper side of a bough, though sometimes it is fastened to the side of a mossy tree-trunk. In whatever position it may be, it is made to look so like a knot of the tree itself as almost to defy detection. As the bird is only three and a half inches long, its nest does not need to be very large. It is, in fact, hardly more than an inch across, and the same in depth; and it is very neatly built. The outside is covered with lichens, which are glued by the saliva of the bird into a firm, solid mass that moisture cannot penetrate. Inside this there are layers, or mats, made of the downy seeds of plants; while the innermost lining is woven of a warm wool-like substance, gathered by the little builders from a neighboring mullein-stalk.

Upon this dainty bed two tiny eggs are laid. They are not much larger than peas, of a pearly white color and true oval form. These are precious treasures; and should any intruder now chance to come too near, he had best beware; the parent birds will dart out of their little house, and dash about with loudly humming wings, pressing him so closely that generally a retreat is beaten with more of speed than valor. An ancient writer on birds gives this most alarming account of the Ruby-throat's fiery temper: "When they see a man climb ye tree where they have their nests they flee at his face, and stryke him in the eyes, commying and goying and returnying with such swiftness that no man would ryghtlie believe it that hath not seen it."

It was long thought that the humming-birds fed only upon the honey of plants. By-and-by some careful observer detected one in the act of eating an insect, and for a while it was supposed that they lived entirely upon animal food, which they gained by capturing in the cups of flowers the insects that visited them in search of honey. Now, however, it is known that they eat both honey and meat; and that both are essential to their well-being.

An interesting story is told of a naturalist, Mr. Webber, who caught and tamed several Ruby-throats. They were fond of the syrup he supplied for their food, and at first seemed to thrive upon it; but presently they began to droop, and he let them fly. They soon returned as well as ever and hungry for their sips of syrup, which they seemed sure of finding. In a fortnight's time they drooped again, and again Mr. Webber set them free, watching them carefully. He was puzzled to find them darting into the shrubbery to the neglect of a host of flowers. "But," he says, "I soon caught one in the very act of taking a small spider from the centre of its circular web. The thing was done so daintily that he did not stir one of the dew-drops with which the whole tracery of the web was strung." After this he allowed them to fly for a while every day, watching them each time, but could not see them touch a spider until about a fortnight had passed, when they attacked them again as eagerly as ever.

Every lover of Nature has a good word for these dainty creatures. Buffon says: "Of all animated beings the humming-bird is the most elegant in form and splendid in coloring. Precious stones and metals artificially polished cannot be compared to this jewel of Nature. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz sparkle in its plumage, and flitting from flower to flower it seems itself a flower in freshness and splendor." Audubon likens them to "fragments of a rainbow," while the Indians give them the name of "sunbeams," and wear them in their ears as jewels.

SUCH A QUEER DOG'S-DINNER!

(*Continued from page* 43.)

leave you in the schoolhouse, but I forgot you were there; and a man going by the schoolhouse saw Mule stuffing up the chimney, and then the boys said they did n't believe you knew the rule about going on to the roof, and —"

"No, I did n't, marm."

"Too bad, too bad, Dan!"

Dan was so happy now he could n't keep the tears back from his eyes.

"What is the fire for?" asked Judge Freeman.

Dan made no reply.

"Fun?"

His head went from side to side in dissent.

"For anybody on the water?"

Dan's head now went up and down.

"I don't know who is out in this snow," remarked Miss Abbott, "unless it is Mule. We met Mr. Crabtree, who said you had not got home, and told us Mule had gone off in a boat to do something about you. That set me to thinking of my neglect of you. Too bad! Look here, it is not Mule this fire is for?"

Dan's head was now motionless.

"It's that Mule," whispered Miss Abbott to Judge Freeman. And the Judge said aloud, "I thought I heard a kind of sharp voice in the direction of the water. I suppose a boat might fetch him."

"I'll go with you, sir," said Dan.

"And I'll tend the fire," added Miss Abbott. "I think I can pull some Dog's-dinner."

"I'll get a few pieces of wood from the schoolhouse pile," said the Judge; and as he was "Committee," who could object? Certainly, no one did object that night.

Off into the dark from the harbor-pier went a boat, cheered by the fire on the shore. When it came back another boat returned with it, and such a scared being was passenger in it! Mule had been pitiably bewildered by the snow, and had wandered away from the right route, almost falling into the clutches of that terrible eddy near "Nor'reast Pint" which he had described so graphically to Dan. And the outcry that night was not from any ghost of a wrecked sailor, but from a live boy.

"He 's been punished," whispered the Judge to Miss Abbott. "He has been all shaken up. Punished indeed!"

"I 'm not so sure of that," replied the queen. "I'll think it over."

The next morning Dan did not get up.

"The lazy thing!" exclaimed Susan Crabtree. "I never laid abed so."

When she went upstairs, she saw that he was not well.

"He 's ben out and ketched cold," she said.

"Pneumony," asserted an old lady who called the day after. "Pneumony, I guess. I say it though I ventur to risk my reputation for nussin'."

As she had very little reputation in that line, she risked nothing.

The doctor came, shook his head, and said, "He 's got it, — congestion of the lungs."

Dan was soon out of his head.

How his thoughts wandered! He was building bonfires, was in the wood-closet, was out on the dark sea with an awe in his face. He was conscious one day that a voice, sweet to him as a harp, was saying, "My poor boy!" Then he tried to make out what it was above him, — two stars or two bright eyes. Then he murmured, "Teacher!"

Somebody was kissing him and saying, "Now be quiet. The doctor says you are getting better."

Dan did not care if he never got any better, if he could only have this visit repeated often. But slowly, slowly, he did improve. It was "a long pull through the surf, though," as Tim Janvrin, an old fisherman, expressed it. Some days Dan was very weak. How blessed was the memory of some of grandmother's prayers, which he made his own! He would grow so weak! and then would come the memory of a prayer, as if grandmother stood near and reached a rope to this little voyager trying to get to the shores of Good-Health again. And slowly he grew better.

One day Miss Abbott said, "Dan, you will be out again soon. We have arranged it with the Crabtrees and your grandmother, — who has been sick, by the way, and could not come to you; and how would you like to live at Judge Freeman's, do his errands, and go to school?"

"And be near you!" he thought. "First-rate!" he said aloud.

He went there.

"As the duty of every day requires." That is a simple rule; let it be pondered well. Resolve when you awake that it shall be to some faithful purpose, and that your renovated powers shall be obedient to Him who has renewed them. Let not the opportunity that is so fleeting and yet so full pass neglected away.

ONE by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

MRS. THORNTON'S FOUR SERVANTS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

It was mid-day recess in Miss Carroll's school, a time when the little girls usually scattered through the grove, romping, snowballing, sliding; for Miss Carroll's was a country school, and some of her scholars walked a long distance to reach it.

But to-day it was raining, and the little sunburnt lassies that could face the frost and wind and snow with a laugh, had to give up when it rained, and stay in-doors. It was less dull in-doors to-day, because there was a new scholar, and all the school was full of curiosity about her.

Edna Poague's father and mother had just moved into Pleasant Hill neighborhood from the city, and this was their only child. Her clothes seemed very fine to our little country "tackers," and her long braided hair excited great admiration.

Miss Edna was quick to feel her position, and well pleased to make her audience acquainted with the superior style in which she lived at home. And as they were somewhat shy of questioning such a fine lady, she suggested topics of conversation herself, which led the way to the communications she wished to make.

"How many servants does your mother keep?" she asked Elsie Thornton, secretly expecting to overwhelm her listeners presently with the announcement that her mother kept three.

Elsie's face flushed painfully at the unexpected question. Her mother was a poor widow, who often eked out her scanty living by going out for days' work. It had never occurred to Elsie, as it had never been suggested to her, that this was anything to be ashamed of; but standing here by this fine little lady from the city, the question covered her with confusion.

"Elsie's mother keeps four servants," said a sweet voice behind the group, and Mildred Kock, one of the older girls, came up, and put her arm around Elsie's shoulders. "They are the best servants I know," she went on, — "faithful, obedient, skilful. They are never impatient, they ask no wages, they wear plain clothes, they eat nothing."

"Why, Milly! what do you mean?" cried the children.

"Just what I say," was the smiling answer, "and more; Mrs. Thornton deserves all the credit for her good servants, for she trained them herself. I am trying to follow her example, and I advise you all to do likewise."

Miss Carroll raised her hand to tap the bell, as a signal for each scholar to take her seat and be quiet.

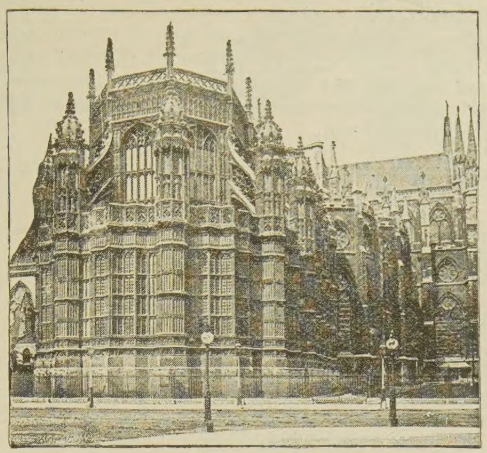
"Oh, Miss Carroll!" cried an eager voice from among the crowd, "please wait a minute till Milly Kock tells us what she means by Mrs. Thornton's queer servants."

Miss Carroll smiled, and held her hand in waiting above the bell.

"Why, haven't you guessed?" cried merry Mildred. "I mean her two good hands and her two good feet."

There was a little shout of applause, a soft clapping of hands, the bell tapped, and the new scholar took her seat, feeling that servants and fine clothes did not matter so much among these girls, after all.

Elsie was a minute late at her seat, having stopped to give Mildred a wordless, grateful little hug. But Miss Carroll pretended not to see that she was tardy. — *Sunday-School Times.*



THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

(*For description, see page* 41.)

THE LITTLE MISTLETOE.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

Baldur was the beloved son of Odin and Frigga. He had so many virtues, he was often called Baldur the Good; and in person he was so attractive that, again, he was called Baldur the Beautiful.

Odin and Frigga were much troubled to hear how he had lately been having frightful dreams. Each night Baldur dreamed that some one, lying in wait, made an attempt to kill him. Frigga was sure that this foreboded his death through some enemy.

"But I have power to prevent this," said Frigga.

She visited the spirits that rule over all substances that can destroy, to obtain from them promises that all power to do hurt to her son should be taken away, whoever should use them. She returned to Odin happy.

"Neither fire nor frost will injure him now," she said; "heavy stones from the mountain, nor waves of the deep sea, wild beasts, nor disease in any of its terrible forms."

"Have you a promise concerning everything?" asked Odin.

"Oh, I did not mind one trifling thing," said Frigga carelessly; "it is the little mistletoe."

When Baldur's brothers and sisters learned how he was proof against all harm, they amused themselves by using him as a target in their games. He was very good-natured, and enjoyed as much as they seeing the strong sticks and heavy stones, the flying arrows, and even the firebrands, come rushing towards him, then suddenly stop just before touching his body. High sport they all had at such times; and even Odin and Frigga would come out from their hall to see the wonderful miracle.

"Ah, nothing can happen to our Baldur now," Frigga would say proudly; and she almost forgot about the little mistletoe that grew far away and that she had thought unworthy of her attention.

Baldur had an enemy; for, alas! even the good cannot escape from the envy and malice of the bad. It was Loki. Before Frigga's precautions he had been determined on Baldur's destruction, and now that he seemed so wholly proof against all attacks he burned still more fiercely to accomplish his death.

One day he dressed himself to resemble an old woman, and came to the place where the sports with Baldur were going on. He appeared to enter into the merry mood of all, and he drew near Frigga.

"Happy is the mother with so good a son!" cried the dissembling Loki; "everything shrinks from inflicting pain on Baldur the Good."

"Yes, nothing can ever harm my beautiful Baldur," said Frigga, with a look of fond love towards her son.

"Nothing?" repeated Loki.

"Nothing but the miserable little mistletoe; and who would think of that?"

How the evil heart of Loki rejoiced as he heard this! He stole away, and began his journey after the despised mistletoe. For many days he travelled, with not a little difficulty in the search; but at last he found it.

The next time the brothers and sisters were throwing their harmless missiles, Loki, disguised, joined them.

"Throw this at him," he said, putting the mistletoe in the hand of one.

It was thrown; and Baldur the Beautiful fell, never to rise again.

This is one of the legends of the Norsemen, who lived in the northern part of Europe, and had their stories and poems while England was still uncivilized.

"But what does it *mean?*" says some little questioner.

Ah, let us try to think what it means, for generally these far-away stories mean a great deal, — something well worth our trying to learn.

It was because the mistletoe was so insignificant that Frigga did not take the pains to secure a promise about it. Yet it was not insignificant in its power; it held the fate of her dear son.

Does not the story suggest to us to be careful not to despise "little" things, as we call them? "A little word." That is n't of much consequence, we say; yet it may spoil the happiness of one we love. "A little act." Oh, need we mind it? Yet it may be the beginning of what may work a lasting harm. "A little thought." No one can tell what may grow out of it. Yes, it is often what we call the little things that prove to be the great things. So the story may bid us remember not to dare to hold slightingly anything that really concerns us, lest by so doing we become involved in some evil hard to overcome.

Teachers' Department.

THE TEACHER'S THREE "I'S."

No. 2. — Instruct.

The teacher must know that which he would teach. Out of this one fundamental law must arise every practical rule to guide the teacher in preparing for his work. — *Dr. Gregory.*

Having acquired the power of interesting his pupils, the next step for the teacher to take is to really *instruct* them. So much mistaken sentiment has gathered about the office of the Sunday-school teacher, that the first duty of a teacher — namely, to teach — is often overlooked. Ministers, who should be above all things else the religious teachers of the young, often belittle the teacher's office by exaggerating the influence of mere companionship in the school. It is indeed true that in later years we remember a loving teacher's face more vividly than we can recall any of that teacher's instructions; true, also, that the best result of a teacher's work is found not in the amount of knowledge which has been imparted, but in the quality of the life and the character which have been stimulated. But why

should we perpetually confuse the direct with the indirect influence of the teacher? That direct influence he must gain by being first of all a good teacher. We are grateful to the instructors of our childhood primarily because they instructed us, — if in the day school, in facts and ideas pertaining to the intellectual life; if in the Sunday-school, in the truths and principles of religion and morality. Their affection for us, their wise patience with us, their sympathy and devotion, were the warm atmosphere in which our intellectual or spiritual life grew up; but the roots of that life those faithful teachers nourished by means of the truths they taught us, and by the knowledge which they so imparted to us that it became our own and was incorporated into the very structure of our minds and hearts.

How can such instruction be given?

1. Know what you are to teach. Unless you already know this *in part*, you have no business to accept the position of a teacher. But now that you are a teacher, your first task is to deepen and broaden that knowledge. You must know the subject you are teaching in its relations to other facts and truths, and so know it as to be able to clearly explain, demonstrate, and illustrate it.

2. Not only know, but *feel*, the truths you are to teach. The sun gives us warmth as well as light. In like manner you are to give forth the heat-rays along with the light-rays of moral principles and religious truths.

3. To do this, read all the facts you teach and all the truths you impart in the light of the central truth of your religion, — the truth that *God is*, and that *He is Love*. Because Kepler believed he was reading God's thoughts after Him, because Agassiz recognized the universe as a revelation of intelligence and wisdom, — these men were all aglow with enthusiasm even while they pored over astronomical problems or compared the bones of different fishes. The geography of Palestine, looked at as the home of a people who saw God in all things, and as the land "over whose acres walked the blessed feet" of God's most holy Son, may be so taught that the "Holy Land" shall become ever afterwards to your pupils' minds a place of hallowed and inspiring associations.

But look, now, at other sets of rules for teaching, for some of which I am indebted to Dr. Gregory's admirable little book on "The Seven Laws of Teaching:" —

1. Prepare each lesson by fresh study.
2. Seek in it analogies and likenesses to more familiar truths.
3. Study it till its thoughts take shape in familiar language.
4. Find the natural order and connection of the several facts and truths in the lesson.

For conducting the recitation, follow these directions: —

1. Make the most of the knowledge of the lesson that your pupils possess. No one of them is probably so dull or has studied the subject so little as not to know something about it.

2. Lead them to clear up this knowledge by having them make a clear statement of it *in their own words.*

3. Then connect this knowledge, by single and easy steps, with what lies beyond it, and make sure that these steps are really taken by their minds. Lifting your pupils over the ground is not instructing them.

4. Draw from the pupil's mind fresh illustrations of the lesson in things you know that he has seen or heard or experienced.

5. Connect the lesson with what has gone before it, and point out its relation to the following lesson.

6. Show that something worth knowing about the subject may be looked up out of the class, and ask one or another to find it out and report at the next recitation.

7. Have frequent reviews, and by putting together separate lesson-facts show a truth as a whole or unfold a history in a continuous panorama.

Finally, look upon teaching as a *science*, the principles of which any intelligent man or woman can gradually acquire; and also as an *art*, skill and success in which may be gained by the exercise of a wide-awake understanding and the application of a consecrated will.

The Editor's Study.

Although our Department of Book-Notices has been given up, to make more room for matter especially addressed to teachers, we shall from time to time inform our readers of some of the new books which we have read, and which are of value to teachers or suitable for Sunday-school libraries.

We hope, also, to issue occasional bulletins of the books approved by the Ladies' Commission.

First on our present list comes the charming book by Mr. and Mrs. Barrows of the "Christian Register," entitled "The Shaybacks in Camp," and published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Our Sunday-school scholars, as well as their teachers, should turn to these pleasing word-pictures of camp-life, if for no other reason, that they may learn what "plain living and high thinking" and real "fun" may be had at small expense in a summer's outing.

The same publishers have sent us the most valuable book of the season's issues, — the two-volumed "Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by J. Elliot Cabot. No teacher of the things that belong to the spiritual life can know too well the writings of Emerson. But this Memoir will help such a teacher to learn, as he could learn in no other way, the actual personality of the man whose life was truly a poem as sweet and noble as any that he ever wrote.

A character in recent fiction that smacks as much of the New England soil as Emerson himself, is "*Jack*," the fisherman in Miss Phelps's touching story under that name. Houghton & Mifflin have issued an illustrated edition of the brief but pathetic tale, and no better temperance book can be put into the hands of either boys or men.

To complete the list of these publishers' latest issues, we have to add a volume entitled "The Book of Folk Stories," in which the old household tales of English literature, such as "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," etc., have been rewritten by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. The author has certainly accomplished his purpose, which was "to make it possible for the child of eight to read these stories himself."

From D. C. Heath & Co. we have received "Notes on the Early Training of Children," by Mrs. Frank Malleson, — a book we commend to the careful perusal of mothers and teachers of children of the ages of those who form the Primary Department in our Sunday-schools.

And lastly we have a word of welcome to give to the Rev. A. W. Oxford's "Short Introduction to the History of Israel," sent us by the publisher, Mr. J. Fisher Unwin, of London. This little book is simply a *résumé* of the results of the modern liberal criticism of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. Our own Sunday-school Manual on the "History of Israel," by Professor Toy, includes all the results of modern criticism on these books of the Old Testament, so that Mr. Oxford's work has value for us only as another way of setting forth the same teachings.

Paul was happy in prison, while Nero was wretched in a palace. Haman, after telling his wife and his friends of all his promotion and of "the glory of his riches," adds: "Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Unity Club connected with the Unitarian Sunday-school in Somerville, Mass., has a membership of two hundred. Persons not belonging to the school or parish are admitted as "associate" members.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Union has appointed a Visiting Committee to visit all the schools connected with the Union. This Committee consists of Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Mr. E. A. Whitman, Mr. E. T. Horn, Mr. John Noble, and Mrs. C. H. Colburn. Each member of the Committee is assigned a certain number of schools to visit and report upon. The object of these visits is to see what work the schools are doing, what methods of instruction are followed, and what special features mark the activities of the several schools. Later in the season the Committee will make a general report to the Union of the results of their observations.

At this time, when interest is awakened in the religious welfare of the Japanese, it is pleasant to note the following "straw:" —

In a letter to the Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Hon. Horace Davis, of San Francisco, writes: "A young Japanese saw Brown's 'Life of Jesus for Young People' in my house, and is very anxious for a copy. He has come out from Presbyterianism, and is a Unitarian. He is very enthusiastic, and wants to go to Japan and preach. I advise him to wait awhile and get more instruction."

The weekly Lecture-talks at Channing Hall are well attended. Abstracts of Dr. Peabody's two valuable lectures will be given in the next number of Every Other Sunday. Mrs. Wells is doing a good work in showing teachers how to analyze topics and so present and illustrate them as to reach the minds of their pupils. Her blackboard illustrations help very much to make the lessons interesting to her audience.

The new "Christmas Service," just published by the Sunday-School Society, has some unique features. The responsive readings are taken from appropriate poems in which the "old, old story" of the Nativity is told in harmonious verse; a very rare and beautiful old English carol is reprinted; new music for the responses has been composed or arranged by Mr. Spaulding; and the Service also contains three fresh, original carols written by Messrs. Lewis and Bailey and Miss Elizabeth Emerson.

The Unity Club formed at Belmont, of which the pastor of the church, Rev. Hilary Bygrave, is President, has begun with seventy members. The Club lately raised at a social gathering over fifty dollars toward the purchase of a new piano for the use of the Club and the Sunday-school.

The lately organized Unitarian Sunday-school at Presque Isle, Maine, appears to be full of life and promise. It is an interesting fact that more new Sunday-schools have been organized by Unitarians during the past five years than during a score of years previous to that time.

All souls belong to God. He will take care of what is His: He will leave no child orphaned.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

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